

She would sooner confesse, perchance publicly she'll be
asham'd.

Enter Duke, Pronost, Isabella.

Esc. I will goe darkely to worke with her.

Luc. That's the way: for women are light at mid-
night.

Esc. Come on Mistris, here's a Gentlewoman,
Denies all that you haue said.

Luc. My Lord, here comes the rascall I spoke of,
Here, with the *Pronost*.

Esc. In very good time: speake not you to him, till
we call vpon you.

Luc. Mum.

Esc. Come Sir, did you set these women on to slan-
der Lord *Angelo*? they haue confel'd you did.

Duk. 'Tis false.

Esc. How? Know you where you are?

Duk. Respect to your great place; and let the diuell
Be sometime honour'd, for his burning throne.
Where is the *Duke*? 'tis he should heare me speake.

Esc. The *Duke*'s in vs: and we will heare you speake,
Looke you speake iustly.

Duk. Boldly, at least. But oh poore soules,

Come you to seeke the Lamb here of the Fox;

Good night to your redresse: Is the *Duke* gone?

Then is your cause gone too: The *Duke*'s vnjust,

Thus to retort your manifest Appeale,

And put your triall in the villaines mouth,

Which here you come to accuse.

Luc. This is the rascall: this is he I spoke of.

Esc. Why thou vnreuerend, and unhallowed Fryer:

Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women,

To accuse this worthy man? But in foule mouth,

And in the witness of his proper eare,

To call him villaine; and then to glance from him,

To th' *Duke* himselfe, to taxe him with Injustice?

Take him hence; to th' racke with him: we'll towne you
Ioynt by ioynt, but we will know his purpose:

What? vnjust?

Duk. Benot so hot: the *Duke* dare

No more stretch this finger of mine, then he

Dare racke his owne: his Subject am I not.

Nor here Prouinciall: My businesse in this State

Made me a looker on here in *Vienna*,

Where I haue seene corruption boyle and bubble,

Till it ore-run the Stew: Lawes, for all faults,

But fautes so countenanc'd, that the strong Statutes

Stand like the forfeites in a Barbers shop,

As much in mocke, as marke.

Esc. Slander to th' State:

Away with him to prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him Signior *Lucio*?

Is this the man that you did tell vs of?

Luc. 'Tis he, my Lord: come hither Goodman bald-
pate, doe you know me?

Duk. I remember you Sir, by the sound of your voice,

I met you at the Prison, in the absence of the *Duke*.

Luc. Oh, did you so? and do you remember what you

said of the *Duke*.

Duk. Most notably Sir.

Luc. Do you so Sir: And was the *Duke* a flesh-mon-
ger, a foole, and a coward, as you then reported him

to be?

Duk. You must (Sir) change persons with me, ere you

make that my report: you indeede spoke so of him, and

much more, much worse.

Luc. Oh thou damnable fellow: did not I plucke thee

by the nose, for thy speeches?

Duk. I protest, I loue the *Duke*, as I loue my selfe.

Ang. Harke how the villaine would close now, after

his treasonable abuses.

Esc. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withall: Away

with him to prison: Where is the *Pronost*? away with

him to prison: lay bolts enough vpon him: let him speak

no more: away with those Giglets too, and with the o-
ther confederate companion.

Duk. Stay Sir, stay a while.

Ang. What, resists he? helpe him *Lucio*.

Luc. Come sir, come sir, come sir: for sir, why you

bald-pated lying rascall, you must be hooded must you?

show your knaues visage with a poxe to you: show your

sheepe-biting face, and be hang'd an houre: will't

not off?

Duk. Thou art the first knaue, that ere mad'st a *Duke*.

First *Pronost*, let me bayle these gentle three:

Sneake not away Sir, for the Fryer, and you,

Must haue a word anon: lay hold on him.

Luc. This may proue worse then hanging.

Duk. What you haue spoke, I pardon: sit you downe,

We'll borrow place of him; Sir, by your leaue:

Ha' st thou or word, or wit, or impudence,

That yet can doe thee office? If thou ha' st

Rely vpon it, till my tale be heard,

And hold no longer out.

Ang. Oh, my dread Lord,

I should be guiltier then my guiltinesse,

To thinke I can be vndiscerneable,

When I perceiue your grace, like powre diuine,

Hath look'd vpon my passes. Then good Prince,

No longer Session hold vpon my shame,

But let my Triall, be mine owne Confession:

Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,

Is all the grace I beg.

Duk. Come hither *Mariana*,

Say: was't thou ere contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was my Lord.

Duk. Goe take her hence, and marry her instantly.

Doe you the office (*Fryer*) which consummate,

Returne him here againe: goe with him *Pronost*. Exit.

Esc. My Lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonor,

Then at the strangenesse of it.

Duk. Come hither *Isabell*,

Your Frier is now your Prince: As I was then

Aduertising, and holy to your businesse,

(Not changing heart with habit) I am still,

Atturnd at your seruice.

Isab. Oh giue me pardon

That I, your vassalle, haue imploid, and pain'd

Your vnknowne Soueraigntie.

Duk. You are pardon'd *Isabell*:

And now, deere Maide, be you as free to vs.

Your Brothers death I know sits at your heart:

And you may maruaile, why I obscur'd my selfe,

Labouring to saue his life: and would not rather

Make rash remonstrance of my hidden powre,

Then let him so be lost: oh most kinde Maid,

It was the swift celeritie of his death,

Which I did thinke, with slower foot came on,

That brain'd my purpose: but peace be with him,

That life is better life past fearing death,

Then that which liues to feare: make it your comfort,

So

So happy is your Brother.

Enter Angelo, Maria, Peter, Pronost.

Isab. I doe my Lord.

Duk. For this new-married man, approaching here,

Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd

Your well defended honor: you must pardon

For *Mariana*'s sake: But as he aduic'd your Brother,

Being criminall, in double violation

Of sacred Chastitie, and of promise-breach,

Thereon dependant for your Brothers life,

The very mercy of the Law cries out

Most audible, euen from his proper tongue.

An *Angelo* for *Claudio*, death for death:

Haste still paises haste, and leasure, answers leasure;

Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still for *Measure*:

Then *Angelo*, thy fault's thus manifested:

Which though thou would'st deny, denies thee vantage.

We doe condemne thee to the very Blocke

Where *Claudio* stoop'd to death, and with like haste.

Away with him.

Mar. Oh my most gracious Lord,

I hope you will not mocke me with a husband?

Duk. It is your husband mock't you with a husband,

Consenting to the safe-guard of your honor,

I thought your marriage fit: else Imputation,

For that he knew you, might reproach your life,

And choake your good to come: For his Possessions,

Although by confutation they are ours;

We doe en-state, and widow you with all,

To buy you a better husband.

Mar. Oh my deere Lord,

I craue no other, nor no better man.

Duk. Neuer craue him, we are definitiue.

Mar. Gentle my Liege.

Duk. You doe but loose your labour.

Away with him to death: Now Sir, to you.

Mar. Oh my good Lord, sweet *Isabell*, take my part,

Lend me your knees, and all my life to come,

I'll lend you all my life to doe you seruice.

Duk. Against all fence you doe importune her,

Should shee kneele downe, in mercie of this fact,

Her Brothers ghost, his pained bed would breake,

And take her hence in horror.

Mar. *Isabell*:

Sweet *Isabell*, doe yet but kneele by me,

Hold vp your hands, say nothing: I'll speake all.

They say best men are moulded out of faults,

And for the most, become much more the better

For being a little bad: So may my husband.

Oh *Isabell*: will you not lend a knee?

Duk. He dies for *Claudio*'s death.

Isab. Most bounteous Sir,

Looke if please you, on this man condemn'd,

As if my Brother liu'd: I partly thinke,

A due sinceritie gouerned his deedes,

Till he did looke on me: Since it is so,

Let him not die: my Brother had but iustice,

In that he did the thing for which he died.

For *Angelo*, his Act did not ore-take his bad intent,

And must be buried but as an intent

That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subiects

Intents, but meere thoughts.

Mar. Meere thoughts.

Duk. Your suite's vnprofitable: stand vp I say:

I haue bethought me of another fault.

Pronost, how came it *Claudio* was beheaded

At an vnusuall howre?

Pro. It was commanded

Duk. Had you a speciall

Pro. No my good Lord:

Duk. For which I doe disc-

Giue vp your keyes.

Pro. Pardon me, noble L

I thought it was a fault, but k

Yet did repent me after more

For testimony whereof, one i

That should by priuate order

I haue referu'd alieue.

Duk. What's he?

Pro. His name is *Barnardine*

Duk. I would thou hadst

Goe fetch him hither, let me

Esc. I am forry, one so lea

As you, Lord *Angelo*, haue st

Should slip so grosselie, both

And lacke of temper'd iudgen

Ang. I am forrie, that such

And so deepe sticks it in my p

That I craue death more willin

'Tis my deserting, and I doe

Enter Barnardine and Pro

Duk. Which is that *Barn*

Pro. This my Lord.

Duk. There was a Frier to

Sirha, thou art said to haue a s

That apprehends no further r

And squar't thy life according

But for those earthly fautes, I

And pray thee take this merc

For better times to come: Fri

I leaue him to your hand. Wh

Pro. This is another prison

Who should haue di'd when

As like almost to *Claudio*, as h

Duk. If he be like your bro

Is he pardon'd, and for your l

Giue me your hand, and say y

He is my brother too: But fir

By this Lord *Angelo* perceiue

Mechinkes I see a quickning i

Well *Angelo*, your euill quiti

Looke that you loue your wif

I finde an apt remission in my

And yet heere's one in place I

You sirha, that knew me for a

One all of Luxurie, an asse, a m

Wherein haue I so deseru'd of

That you extoll me thus?

Luc. Faith my Lord, I spe

trick: if you will hang me for

ther it would please you, I mig

Duk. Whipt first, sir, and

Proclaime it Prouost round ab

If any woman wrong'd by thi

(As I haue heard him sweare h

whom he begot with childe)

And he shall marry her: the n

Let him be whipt and hang'd.

Luc. I beseech your High